I Don't Think I Could Stand To Be (Where You Don't See Me)
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I Don't Think I Could Stand To Be (Where You Don't See Me)

by acchaeanum

Summary

"It was a new low, even for him, but Bucky found himself wishing to be the dog at that very moment."

Notes

I don't know what this is. I finished this series in 9 hours and needed to write something about them or I would have started tweaking. I don't really think that this is any good. But I'm posting it anyway, because why not? It's basically a retelling of two scenes from Bucky's perspective.
I might write something serious about them once I get my motivation back. Have you seen the way they look at each other? They're literally in love.
Thank you for reading this and watching me slowly but surely lose my mind and my writing skill :3
-author

Bucky was happy for Dye and his crew. Of course he was. He acknowledged the slight feeling of envy, but overall, he was still pleased for their well-deserved early retirement after enduring so much. He himself had a few more missions left and then he would be the one to return home, too. Alongside Buck, naturally. But today, it was the Sunny's crew's moment to shine.

And shine they did. Bucky really couldn't recall when they had last celebrated like this. Music, alcohol, women, and a bunch of smiling faces all around. A rarity on base, if you'd asked him. It was nice to see that there was still humanity left in the people's hearts during these trying times.

Not only that, but celebrations like these always meant that Bucky could annoy his favourite fellow Major with baseball talk.

Buck was leaning against the counter, eyes scanning their surroundings and watching as people laughed and danced. Bucky knew this because he had stopped blabbering about sports a while ago and was now staring at his companion, drink in hand and gaze wandering. Some might even say Bucky was checking Cleven out, but he would never admit to that. Actually, he'd rather start a fight than admit to finding his best friend attractive. But deep down, John couldn't deny it.

How could he? Buck only stood there, with his gorgeous blonde hair, his piercing blue eyes, lean figure, and a toothpick between his lips, making Bucky wonder how they would feel against his own. It made him dizzy. Or maybe it was the alcohol.

Fucking handsome blondes, he thought, imagining what that exact blonde would look like underneath him, the golden locks clenched in his fist, his hands roaming over his body. He had always found Buck to be the gentle type of lover, but John could imagine him being a little rougher in bed. The image of teeth and tongue against the skin of his neck flashed through his mind and made him shiver with pleasure.

Jesus Christ, he really needed to get laid. Maybe this trip to London

wasn't such a bad idea after all. A few days off couldn't hurt. He'd earned it.

"What are you thinking about?," Buck's low voice ripped him from his thoughts. He almost choked on his own spit. You. I'm thinking about you.

Gently shaking his head and grinning, Bucky grounded himself. "London's calling me. Think you can fly one mission without me, or will you miss me too much?"

Gale smirked back at him, turning slightly so they were facing each other. Bucky felt his face grow hot. "I believe I can handle three days without your constant sports babble."

Bucky shrugged. "Nah, don't think so. You'll miss me."
"Don't count on it."

The band started to play a slow song and the couples on the dance floor fell into a comfortable rhythm, holding each other. Buck sighed, kneeled down and picked up the dog that had been sitting at his feet for some time. The muscles in his arms flexed and John couldn't look away. Cleven began to dance with the dog, swaying back and forth, keeping eye contact with Bucky.

"I'm telling Marge, Buck," John warned jokingly, reminding himself of the painful truth that Buck had a pretty girl waiting for him back in America.

Bucky's eyes widened as his friend winked at him, playfully. Why couldn't he stop smiling? Maybe because Gale was so fucking beautiful. Or maybe it was because he imagined slipping his arms around Buck's waist and pulling him closer, pressing their bodies together and kissing his neck lazily, showing everyone that this man belonged to him.

It was a new low, even for him, but Bucky found himself wishing to be

the dog at that very moment.

There was something seriously wrong with him.

But still, the stupid grin wouldn't go away as he watched Buck leisurely sway from side to side. Out of his reach.

Buck was walking the streets of London, trying to ignore the sights of destruction all around him. The war was so close but he'd never felt as alive as in the last months.He remembered his lover's words from last night.

She'd left early in the morning. Bucky hoped she hadn't heard that it wasn't her name that he had moaned when they had slept together. Thinking about it made him feel ashamed. He'd thought getting drunk and then having sex with a woman could make him forget about his inappropriate thoughts about his best friend, that he simply needed some action, but he had been utterly wrong.

If anything, it only made the whole situation worse. It wasn't her hands that he'd wanted to feel last night.

Buying a newspaper and reading the headline brought him back to reality. 'Eighth Air Force loses 30 fortresses over Bremen'.

That was Buck's mission.

Fuck. *Fuck.*

Bucky hurried over to the nearest telephone booth, hands shaking. "Norfolk 7322, please."

" *This is Bowman,* " came the voice over the telephone. John couldn't get his words out fast enough. "Red, Egan here. How'd the game go yesterday?"

There was a short pause. “ *Not as well as we hoped.* ”

“Was Buck in the lineup?” His voice almost broke at the name.

“ *Yeah.* ”

“Did he have a good game?”

“ *He went down swinging, John.* ”

Bucky sucked in a sharp breath. He clenched his fists and forbade himself to cry. His chest tightened and the pain surged all over his body. No. It couldn’t be. Buck wasn’t dead, Buck couldn’t have died. He couldn’t have died because John hadn’t kissed him yet. He couldn’t have died because he still had a woman to marry, Bucky reminded himself. He simply couldn’t have.

Narcissist, he thought, you’re only asking about Buck.

“Who else?”

“ *Most of the starting lineup.* ”

Fuck. Bucky needed to get back in the air. Right now. His breathing was becoming heavier by the moment and the panic lodged up in his throat, making it hard to speak or even think. Pictures of Buck’s grin flashed before his eyes. Goddamnit.

He pinched the back of his hand hard enough to leave a mark. He needed something to ground him to reality. Normally, that had been Buck, but Buck wasn’t here because he was dead. No, not dead, just MIA.

“All right, uh, tell Coach I’ll be there by game time. And Red…” Bucky closed his eyes, “I wanna pitch.”

He would get back up in the air, the sounds of the machinery around him clogging his ears, and think of his best friend Gale “Buck” Cleven, the man he denied loving.

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